our roses might not die,— And I might seek And find you nigh. You found, what should I seek! You mine, what should I need To make this bleak

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY HENRY S. BROOKS.

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease."

In the summer of 18— I was managing an extensive silver mime on the peninsula of Lower California. Mexico. It it was a productive projecty; had passed the first phases of trial and trouble incident to all such enterprises; had got a mine—more, several good mines; had outgrown the first mill of ten stamps, and required a larger one of twenty-tour. There had been no change in the management. Everything was conducted as before, save that instructions were given to tear down the old batteries, and replace them with twenty-tour stamps, with corresponding calargements in the amalgamating department—reverberatory furnaces, etc., etc. In fulfillment of this plan, I had visited San Francisco, ordered the necessary machinery, together with ample supplies to restock the store, or "tienda de Ralia," belonging to the company, and had prepared to ship them on the steamer John L. Stephens, which at that time made monthly trips from San Francisco to the Mexican gulf ports. In the summer of 18- I was managing an extensive

trips from San Francisco to the Mexican gulf ports.

As is not uncommon in undertakings of the kind, the
capital supplied was not sufficient for the purpose.

There had been the closest sort of figuring on the part of the directory, and the manager was given to understand that he must complete the work within

certain limits of expenditure.

The first of the series of accidents about to on narsted was the selzure of the John L. Stephens at Cape
St. Lucas, by Colonel Dana and his party, upon the
claim that she was contraband of war. This was the period of "the Empire," the "nigh noon" of Maxi milian's short-lived sway. All the gult ports, except on the peninsuls, were in possession of the French.

The Liberals, cr Juarists, defeated in the interior,
were generally camped on the heights overlooking the
principal scaports, and were keeping up an annoying
but ineffectual semi-guerilla warfare. It was but ineffectual semi-guerilla warfare. It was claimed that the John L. Stephens carried arms and munitions of war for the imperial party, and Colouel Dans, an American, holding a commission under the Laberals, surprised the steamer at the cape, as mentioned, and took possession of her. Captain Wakeman, well known in California and the East, was in command. It the seizure had not been admirably managed, it is not probable Dana could have surprised so skrewd and resolute an officer as Wakeman; but Cape St. Lucas at that time afforded many facilities for an adventure of that kind. Dana's men got on deck unnoticed among the traders and passengers who always board the steamer at the cape. With their arms concealed under their scrapes, each took his appointed station, and at a given signal, revolver in hand, surprised the officers and crew. Captain Wakeman was greatly blamed by the owners for the loss of his ship, as also for the terms upon which he ransomed her; and was cashiered in consequence. But great injustice was done him. Under the circumstances, he could not have helped himself. Everythment thing considered, he came off remarkably well. At least, that was the conviction of those best qualified Oa account of this misadventure, the John L. Stephens was withdrawn from the Mexican trade,

Stephens was withdrawn from the Mexican trade, and the scare was so great among all parties that it was almost impossible to charter a vessel in which to ship our machinery and supplies. At length, a bark was obtained on very onerons terms. Sie had to be overhauled and repaired to fit her for sea. Leaving all this in competent hands, I returned to the mine, landing at the cape from one of the ships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and reached the mine by an overland journey of a hundred and forty miles.

It did not take very long to tear down the old mill.

That accomplished, the new foundations laid, and everything done that could be done toward preparing for the new works. I found to the could be done toward preparing for the new works, I found myself with a large force of expensive mechanics on hand, anxiously awaiting the arrival of our machinery and supplies, two months overdue. Teams, pack-trains, teamsters were all ready to transport the material without a moment's But day after day, week after week passed, and no vessel arrived. The money was melting away.
There was no income, the old mill being torn out.
It had not been thought advisable to stop the mines it had not been thought advisable to stop the mines altogether, for a twenty-four stamp mill is a hungry monster, and it was only common prudence to make use of the opportunity te accumulate a reserve of ore. Contracts were out, also, for wood, salt, supplies, treight, etc., etc. The contractors were principally Mexicans, necessarily, and they, becoming uneasy and Mexicans, necessarily, and an alarm which soon became general. Under ordinary circumstances, nothing had occurred to occasion any particular apprehension; but the circumstances were not erdinary. The concern had never been strong. It was an incorporcial campany, depending upon assessments levied in The town of several hundred inhabitants was in a The town of several hundred inhabitants was in a several particular and the soldiers arrived. suspicious, spread an alarm which soon became genated company, depending upon assessments levied in the usual way. Many of the stockholders were poor. Even the directors were not rich. The incorporation had been formed during a period of excitement when every body owned millions of stock, which they impoverished themselves to carry. There had been the usual quarrels, law suits, and injunctions—one director restraining another from collecting assessments, etc. Some of the manager's drafts had been allowed to go to protest during an exceptional crisis, and though they had been subsequently paid, that sort of thing is not soon forgotten. All other mining undertakings in the vicinity, public and private, had proven the control of the c takings in the vicinity, public and private, had proven failures, while our success had not as yet been sufficiently established for the community at the mine to feel secure. What if the new machinery should never arrivel they asked. My position was a very grave one. I had invested my little all in the property. Many of my friends were largely interested. To fail—success being already within our reach—was worse than failure. Better to lay one's bones there and have done with it.

On the third of July-I have reason to remember the day-my anxiety became insupportable. So I resolved to pay of all hands and start for San Franresolved to pay off all hands and start for San Francisco, to ascertain what had become of my freight.
All communication with California was cut off, owing to the seizure of the mail steamer. No vessel had since touched at the peninsula ports. It was necessary for me to take a coasting vessel from La Paz to Mazatlan, and then get the Pacific Mail steamer bound

The men, being all paid off, were prepared for a jollification on the Fourth, the Americans especially.
The Mexicans were nothing loath, but seemed glad of the excitement. On the morning of that day, our chief contractor, a Mexican, came to me, and asked for an advance of \$5,000 to carry on the work during my assence. I replied that I did not want the work carried on—that I wished it suspended. I had taken the precaution to pay him and everybody else in full, and hoped there would be no dissatisfactor, sluce in all [probability there would be a delay of only a lew eks at furthest. But Don Robusto was tenacious : he knew what he wanted, and wanted it very much.

"I must have it," he said. "Lo necessito"—it is a

necessity to me. "I regret very much. Don Robusto," I replied. "I regret very much. Don Hobusto, I replied,
that under the circumstances in which I am placed,
I cannot make you the advance. You know how willing I always am to try to facilitate your views. On
this occasion it is impossible."

"I am compromised," he said, "to my assistants

and mozos. They will molest me beyond endarance."
"Still, I have paid you in full, Don Robusto," I replied, "and you have, or eaght to have, the means of paying them."

"I cannot dismiss them," he replied. " I cannot get

rid of them as you get rid ot me."

I knew what he said was true enough, and that whether entitled or not to an advance, it was in the highest degree politic to satisfy him. Had I felt that my people would sustain me, he should have had it. But I had every reason to apprehend they would not, so I must not be governed by my judgment in the emergency, but follow the strictest interpretation of

"I do not get rid of you, Don Robusto," I replied.

"Do not make me appear discourteous or inconsiderate, when I mean you nothing but kindness. I cannot comply with your request at present. In a few weeks I shall be very differently situated, I trust."

" Give me three thousand," he said.

"Twenty-five hundred—two thousand i"
"I cannot, Don Robusto."

"I cannot, Don Robusto."

"Very well," he said, turning away with a black, angry soowl. "Veremen! We shall see."

An hour after this conversation, it being the evening of the Fourth, I was about to mount my house in order to ride to La Paz, having engaged passage on a small ceasting schooler to sail for Mazatlan the following morning, when I saw two or three men following morning, when I saw two or three men rushing toward the arroyo in front of me—two Maxicans pursued by an American, apparently—the American shooting as he ran. The Mexicans appeared to sumble and fall as they reached the bed of the atream, and the American overtaking them, clubbed his gun, and belabored his adversaries with the butt end. I ran as rapidly as possible toward them, but our engineer was before me, and had disarmed the parties before I reached them. I tound the American to be one of our engloyes, a young follow named

party, or of any party. I will go in town and see how matters stand. I hope to get these assassins without one serious trouble; but go you and get all your men together, quietly and prudently, and if I have to call upon you I will let you know."

After getting up all hands, and encouraging them somewhat getting ready such arms.

After getting up all hands, and encouraging them somewhat, getting ready such arms as we could find, etc., I rode over to my room. In order to do so, I had to pass the Alcalde's house, which the soldiers from San Antonio who had shot our men were using from San Antonio who had shot off men were daily for a cuartel. They were all outside, the Alcalde included. They looked gloomy and dangerous. I think they had been drinking; some of them, I not sure, were partially intoxicated. They glared at me savagely out of their blood-shot eyes, as I passed, but we had been too quick for them, and I think they knew their game was up. Don Robasto I found in the tienda, just about where I had left him. For the life of me, I could not forbear gursing him bitterly for

The town of several hundred inhabitants was in a very restless, excited state until the soldiers arrived under Colonel Forrer. That prudent officer then marched them over to the Alcalde's cuartel, where his drilled them—his own party and the San Antonio men—all together for a few moments. He then gave the Alcalde's party orders to stack arms. There was a moment's hesitation, but discipline prevailed. With these men disarmed, the crisis was at an end. The Alcalde, Don Robusto and friends were arrested, and marched oft to await the action of the Governor.

So soon as I saw everything secure, I started to La Paz, arriving in time to take passage on the coaster, the captain of which had waited for me. My coble horse was still willing and serviceable, after carrying me 135 miles, but I was glad to see him sate in the stable, and well cared for, before I went aboard

the little schooner.

I have torgotten the name of the coasting vessel, and of the captain. I semember only that it was Don Ambrosio something. Don Ambrosio I shall never forget. It is a very sweet name, and he was a sweet character. The steamers make the passage across the gulf in about twenty-four hours. But the winds are uncertain in July, so I thought it sate to put it at

On the morning of the ninth day we were still at sea, nowever. For five days Don Ambrosio had (sighted the "Creston" of Mazatlan, each morning stood the "Creston" of Mazatian, each morning stood boldly in as if for port, until dusk, and then run out again. What he was alraid of I never could ascer-tain, nor can I imagine to this moment how long this monotonous seamanship might have continued. Prebably as long as Don Ambrosio's private demijoin Probably as long as Don Ambrosio's private demijona of mescal held out. But on the night preceding the morning on which I knew the steamer was due, I be-came desporate, so watching a favorable opportunity, I locked Don Ambrosio in his cabin alone with his I locked Don Ambrosio in his cable alone with his demijohn, and before morning we were safe at anchor among a mosquito fleet of similar coasters. I unlocked the door gently, before going ashore, intending to pay my respects to Don Ambrosio, but he was sleeping calmly. I have met him since. He never tails to salute in his ambrosial manner. So I think he is unstable to the salute to the salute to the salute in his ambrosial manner.

onscious, perhaps, of what transpired.

The Parific Mail steamer rode at anchor, her fires

Charley Bryant, and the Mexicans two of our berreters. The Mexicans were slightly wounded, only, and Bryant was bleeding from a cut in the bank. The dispute was about a woman of disreptive all little setts. All the parties had been still be the setting of the s

Captain Ritchie, or Green, or some of them will put off."

"Not they, Commodore," I answered. "They are all in bed. They could not get a crew together at this time of night sufficient to man a boat. Give me a boat, I beg of you." I said in great distress, as I remembered all that had transpired, and the uncertain condition of everything at the mine.

"It is impossible," replied the Commodore. "We cannot see a yard from the ship. I have no officer who knows the place, and it a boat be lowered to leeward of the point on a night like this, there is no earthly chance for it."

"I know the place well, Commodore," I pleaded,

One of the Custom House officers was a German. All were dignified looking gentlemen. The, shook their heads when consulted about my landing. "Quite out of the question," they said. "No matter which side won, there would be a saturnalia of riot and disorder, and no protection for a stranger. We were disorder, and no protection for a stranger. We were safe either to meet the up steamer, or find her at Acapulco. My landing at Manzanillo could not hasten my return an hour."

hasten my return an hour."

But we met no up steamer on the way to Acapulco, or when we reached there. There had been a cyclone, we heard, which had disabled her. She had put back to Panama, and the old steamer California, kept in reserve against such accident, would replace her under the commund of Captain Sutton.

nia, kept in reserve against such accident, would replace her under the commit of Captain Sutton.

It was with a sad heart I heard this news, but whatever kindness or sympathy could do to make it bearable, was not spared by the kind old Commodore. The French trigats Venus was in port, Captain Le Roi, a former French Governor of Tahitt, an intimate friend of the Commodore. To him I was kindly introduced. He took charge of my treasure, and invited me to make myselt at home on his ship during my stay. To Mr Bowman, also, agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Com, any, I was commonded, who promised to take charge of me, and insisted that I should be his guest while I remained. Here I passed several very tire-some days, in my condition of anxiety, rendered bearable only by the kindness of Mr. Bowman and Captain Le Roi. The town was deserted. The trigate lay at anchor off the fort in possession of the Mexican imperjalists. The Liberals were camped on the crest of the ridge above. At night they amused themselves by firing upon the fort and the town. We could hear the patter of the bullets as they tell upon the root. But during my stay, no attack was made of any consequence; indeed, it would have been useless, for the frigate could have destroyed the place in fifteen minutes. I breakfasted with Mr. Bowman about 11 o'clock. At three or four the Captain generally came ashore. Later, we would pull off to the ship to pass an hour. I can recall this noble-looking, white-haired, dignified French officer as though it were but yesterday. The cabin was very spacious and handsome. Two exquisite statuettes of the Emperor and Empress, so secured as to be immovable under the notion of the snip, adorned a pair of richly inlaid cabinets. There was a window open aft, and the swing of the vessel, I remember, would let the sunset cansions, perhaps, of what transpired.

The Patific Mail steamer role at anchor, her fires banked, a light vapor issuing from her smoke stack. She was to sail at moon; so I had ample time to go ashore to inquire for tidings of our missing freight. At the Consul's office there was not a line, nor had anything been heard of the vessel; so there was a wing of the vessel. I remember, would let the sunset along her for head anything been heard of the vessel; so there was a wing of the vessel. I remember, would let the sunset and anything been heard of the vessel; so there was a wing of the vessel. I remember, would let the sunset and anything been heard of the vessel; so there was a wing of the vessel. I remember, would let the sunset and anything been heard of the vessel; so there was a wing of the vessel. I remember, would let the sunset and anything been heard of the vessel; and the properties of the vessel and the properties of t

always vacant, and this they insisted upon my occupying.

"Yes," I said, confidently, "the American Consul."

"We have nothing to do with the American Consul."

he replied. "You had better seek some other party to be responsible for you. You cannot leave this port until I am satisfied concerning you."

"But I must leave it," I renlied. "The steamer sails to-day at noon. I have no time to seek other parties. I am a stranger here, comparatively, and though some can be found no doubt, who know me, there is no time to seek them."

He answored only by an angry stare, very Galite

always vacant, and this they insisted upon my occupying.

Glad as I was to get away, I felt sorry at parting with my kind triends, Mr. Bowman and Captain Le Roi. The Captain took me aboard in his gig in fine style, aluting and saluted as we put out of port. It is but a short run across the guit, but we had heavy weather all the way, which increased to a furious gale as we approached the Cape. I could not sleep or rest for anxiety, knowing only too well what there is no time to seek them."

He answored only by an angry stare, very Galite

increases riding and leaders more rided like that.

As they came searce, they left the main rood, taking the rate of the left of the leaders of the left of the le

cannot see a yard from the ship. I have no officer who knows the place, and if a boat be lowered to leeward of the point on a night like this, there is no earthly chance for it."

"I know the place well, Commodore," I pleaded, "and have landed there offeet, it all weather."

But it was of no use; he fired his gun, whistled, sent rockets, etc., for an hour or more, and then headed the ship to cross the gulf. "I will land you at Manzanillo," he said, "and you can take the up steamer. I am very sorry, but I cannot risk my boat's crew, and your own lite ought to be worth something to somebody."

When we reached Mazzanillo, the weather was lovely again, but there was some excitement going on ashore, the cause of which we could not learn until the Custom House officers boarded us, no boats being permitted to approach. There was an unusual delay on the part of the authorities, out at length they arrived; who we learned that a fight was in progress just out of town between the Imperialists in possession and the Liberals in considerable force.

The Commodore knew that I had some little treasure with me. It was in small gold coin, securely packed in a gold belt buckled around my waist, beneath my clothing. He did not fanny the idea of landing me here, I bould see. We ought to meet the up steamer on the way, or at Acapulce. She, too, touched at Manzanillo, but was not yet quite due. One of the Custom House officers was a German. All were dignified looking gentlemen. The, shook their peaks.
No further incident of consequence transpired until

and beneath, the inscription:
"Assassinated by the Mexicans the 4th of July, 18—,"
The authors, or promoters, of the tragedy were condemsed, and ordered to be shot in twenty-four hours after conviction; but the sentence was commuted for a money payment, and all were set at liberty—ban-labed across the gulf. All shortly met with sudden death. Don Rabusto died of one of the deadly fevers sometimes prevalent on the coast; the Alcalde in a skirmish with the French outside of Mazatlan; the others in the battle of Palos Prietos.—[The Aurora.]

The San is gone down.
And the Moon upward springeth;
The Night creepeth onward,
The Night creepeth onward,
The Night made singeth.
To himself said the Watchman,
"Is any Knight walting
In pain for his Lady
To give her his greeting!
Now then for their meeting!"
His words heard the Knight
to the carden while rouning. Now then for their meeting.

His words heard the Kuight
In the garden while roaming.

Ah! Watchman," he said.

Is the daylight fast coming!
And may I not see her!

And will thou not aid me!"

Go away in thy covert.

Lest the cock crow reveille.

And the Dawn should betray thee."

Then in went that Watchman,
And geatily he roused her:

Hise, lady! Prepare!

New tidings! I bring thee,
And strange to thine ear;

Come, rouse thou up quickly,

Thy 8 night tarries near.

Rise, lady! Appear!

"Ah, Watchman, though purely

The moon shines above,

Yet! I trust not securely

That feigned tale of love.

Far, far from my presence No falsehood is there."
Then up spraing the Lady
And braided her hair,
And donned her white garments,
Her purest of white,
And her heart with joy trembling, She rushed to the sight Of her own faithful Knight.

A BASS FISHER'S SONG.

The daylight approaches; oh, come with me, come I In wet woods the partridge is heating his drum, White wreathings of vapor ascending from where The lake like a mirror lies plactd and fair.

A way with all sorrow,
A truce with all care;
Rise up and follow the sun and I, feel
The thrill of the rod and the pulse of the reel!
The scent of the clover is deep on the breeze,
The sunlight is red in the tops of the trees.
The young day awakens, a blush of surprise
On her face and the tears of dew in her eyes.
Come out on the mountain side, over the creest,
To the lake where a boat, like a steed in unrest,
Lies rocking and chafing as though it could feel
The life of the morning from bow unto keel.

The sun is arising; oh, come, come away!
Where the cedars are heavy and waters are gray!
The screams of a fish hawk sound faintly from whe
The liles are raising gold cups to the air.
A way with all sorrow,
A truce with all care.
With hand net and basket, oh, follow and feel
The thrill of the rod and the pulse of the reel.

TO HER.

Translation by Lafcadio Hearn.
Thy trembling arm 1 pressed
Fondly: our thoughts confessed
Love conquest tender.
God filled the vart sweet Night;
Love filled our hearts;—the light
Of stars made splendor.

Even as we walked and dreamed, 'Twixt Earth and Heaven it seemed Our souls were speaking.
The Stars looked on thy face;
Thine eyes through violet space
The Stars were seeking.

And from the astral height Feeling the sweet soft light Thrill to thy sonl, Thou saidst:—" O God of Bliss! Lord God of the Blue Abyse, Thou madest the Whole." And the Stars were whispering low To the God of Space;—" We know, Lord God of Eternity! —Dear God, all love is Thine;— Even by Laves light we shine; Thou madest Beauty!"

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT OTHER CHURCHES ARE DOING. The most notable religious event of the week has the most notable religious event of the two great Presbyterian Assemblies at Omaha and St. Louis. It is evident from this discussion that a large minority or the Southern Presbyterians are not yet ready for union, and that if a union is consummated they will seede . The position of these anti-ucionists is well stated by the Rev. Dr. R. K. Smoot, of Texas: "The delegates," he says, "are divided into three sets; those who want organic union, s into three sets; those who want organic union, a complete fusion of the two bodies into one; those who want not exactly union, but co-operation of the two churches in all their work, both at nome and abroad, although both retaining a distinct identity, and lastly, those who want no union at all and no co-operation. I am one of the last. I am opposed to any change in our present relations. I believe that there is such an essential difference in the standards of interpretation in the two bodies that bringing them together would only result in strite and adienation rather than in the peace and progress of the Christian cause. I claim that the differences existing between the North and South are not based on deliverances uttered in times of excitement; both parties have been honest in what they have said and done, both have claimed and still claim to be governed by a principle, and unless one side or the other gives up what he holds to be right how can a compromise be effected? Such a thing might be tolerated in business or politics, but certainly not in religious affairs. The two Churches are separated by principles underlying their work. The range of interpretation given by the Northern Church in their assemblies is wider and more liberal in secular and political matters, while the Southern Church maintains that the province of their legislation is confined to things purely spiritual and that they cannot handle or conclude any others. The Southern Assembly has never to my knowledge made a deliverance on political matters since their first gathering at Augusta, Ga., in December, 1861." complete fusion of the two bodies into one; those who

On the other hand the Ray, Dr. Joseph T. Smith, the moderator of the Northern Assembly, says: "A union would undoubtedly benefit both branches of all brethren in Christ, and believers of the same faith and in the same ductrines, and it is only proper that we should exist as only one Church. The sentiment in favor of a reunion is general among the members of the Presbyterian Church throughout the North, and I believe the great majority of the Southern Presbyterians desire to see the two branches of the Church reunited. A union is desirable for the reason that the strength of the Church would be increased, its machinery would be reduced, and above all, because union ts brotherly." Il brotheen in Christ, and believers of the same fait

The Ray, Dr. Johnson, a colored member of the Northern Assembly, puts the matter in this way: "The expressions recently manifested by the Episcopalians at Charleston are even as common among Southern Presbyterians, although, of course, no occasion has Presbyterians, although, of course, no occasion has yet been given for so remarkable a demonstration. The Southern Presbyterians are already considering the advisability of organizing a colored Presbytering the African Methodist Episcopal Thurch. This will give the colored people a church of their own presbyteries and synods, and, of course, their exclusive association among themselves. The couthern Presbyterian Church will give the new organization its meral aid and support, but it will doubtless oppose any reorganization which will place the colored brethren upon the same social equality in the Church. We don't want this new Church, and, in the minds of many colored Presbyterians, a doubt exists as to the advisability of the preposed reanion. Personally I voted for it, as did every colored member of this Assembly, and I hope it may be effected, but I doubt that it will be done soon." The Rev. James H. Hoadley, pastor of the Faith

Presbyterian Church of this city, has a striking article in "The Independent" on the religious destitution of New-York City. And although he speaks only of in "The Independent" on the religious destitution of New-York City. And although he speaks only of the Presbyterian Church, what he says will apply a largely to other Christian bodies. Mr. Hoadley begins by saying that the Presbyterian Churches of this city have during the past ten years contributed nearly a million dollars to domestic missious, in the West especially, while at the same time large sections of this city are without any Presbyterian place of worship. In 1845, when New-York had a population of only 371,223, there were thirty-eight Presbyterian churches in the city. In 1885, with a population of nearly 1,500,000, there were only forty-one churches. In thirty-nine years there was an increase of only first-nine years there was an increase of only three churches. The Sixth Ward of this city has a population of 20,000, and has an increase of only three churches. The Sixth Ward the beautiful the probability of the West time of them being Presbyterian. The Fourteenth Ward has a population of 147,000, and has only five Protestant places of worship, not one of them Presbyterian. And the Board of Church Erection of the Ward has a population of 30,000 with not a single Presbyterian. Where is there in the West, asks Mr. Hoadley, "anything to compare with this? In the three wards in the mists of which the effects of the Home Board, and the Board of Church Erection are situated, there is a population of 17,000 with not as ingle Presbyterian churches here.

"The abore tacts would indicate that in the efforts which have heretotore been made by the Presbyterian churches here.

"The abore tacts would indicate that in the efforts which have heretotore been made by the Presbyterian churches here.

"The abore tacts would indicate that in the efforts are most needed some one has biundered." The great is no need for Protestant churches here.

"The abore tacts would indicate that in the efforts are most needed some one has biundered." The great cities is at once taken up and vigorously pub.ia, it will soon be too late. T

of the Church in this age, and for that matter in any age, is in the toothold it can secure in the great centres of population."

The Episcopalians of Nebraska are talking about the | novelties in crime. any criticism of their views by other schools of thought, on the ground that such criticism is directed against the doctrines of the charch.

pate in the services.

During his absence the fellow citizen from behind quietly gathered in the hat and the coat and

The First Church of Springfield, Mass., which celebrated the 250th anniversary of its existence last

is still vigorous and flourishing, although as one of the brethen sardonizally remarked it does not grow with nearly so much rapidity since the orthodox churches allow so many of their members to hold dostrines which are practically Unitarian.

> THE MICE-SKIN MARKET. From The Lewiston Journal.

The story goes that the fur-runner has one section of Maine in which his appearance on a fur buying it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing Brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing brooklyn's supremace, and it is not in the least disputing and buying. He cultivates his best looks and his section, recently, that the furrement has not the section and he went away forgetting to be made and lost in them. Several months passed and he went away forgetting to remove the impression.

Several months passed and he went back agan, barging and buying. He had traded for a good many furs, when, in the course of the trade, the seller said. "The boys has got lots of mice skins for you." The buyer looked wonderingly, and then upon garments on the wall and turkey hash surmounted by a poached egg on the distribution. Several months passed and he went away forgetting to remove the impression.

Several months passed and he went back agan, barging and buying. He had traded for a good many furs, when, in the course of the trade, the seller said. "The boys has got lots of mice skins for you." The buyer looked wonderingly, and then upon garments on the wall have they? "replied he, Well, I don't know, exactly." The

IDAHO'S BRAVE GIRL.

IDAHO'S BRAVE GIRL.

From The San Francisco Examiner.

A year ago a womacrful story of the gallant fight of Therese Tailert with mountain Bons while defending her flock of Angora goats on the Little Loss River, was circulated far and wide in American and even French papers. The story set forth how late one evening in her cabin in the foothills of Eastern Idaho she was awakened by animals racing around in the stockade acijoining. How she arose and with a Bandax and her dog Badger she stole out in the moonlight to find the lions in pursuit of her goats, thow, nothing daunted, she attacked them and cut one to the bone with her axe, injured others and causing the whole, some si in all, to flee over the stockade wall.

But the next morning the brave girl discovered that the throats of many of her herd had been cut, for lifty of them lay dead on the ground.

"Well, our girl's been making another record," said A. J. Bruner, of Houston, Idaho, to an "Examiner" man yesterlay, "and she got in her work in fine style, the usual way with her. She never looks upon a job until it is completed artistically."

"What's she been doing now!"

"Had another fight with mountain lions, You see, a year ago after Theresa's light with them, D. B. Hawley and other raisers of Angora goats, thase who had suffered losses, put their heads together and organized a posse t kill them off. They killed a great many and prefit well thinned them out, it was thought. For some months therenter there were few of them seen around, and those were very wary.

"Latety, however, the Bons have come to the front. The foothills have seened to be swarming with them. They again invaled the stockades and

PRESBYTERIAN THOUGHT AND TALK-

month or two."

Miss Tailert is a German girl who has been ranching on the Little Lost River for three or four years. The country round there is good for Angora goats, and she got her start by working first for wages for A. J. Bruner, who is the biggest grower in that region.

TIRELESS LITTLE SLAVES. TOYS THAT EARN MONEY DAY AND NIGHT

Ennui is more unbearable than ignorance. At least, that is the way the philosopher puts it. He doesn't base the rash assertion on the comparative "drawing powers" of a circus and au entomological ecture, but on the acknowledged superiority of the working model, with a music box attachment, over the patent weighing machine, as a nickel catcher. The facts from which the interence was drawn were taken on the authority of old Mr. Benton, who is a species of bloated monopolist in the matter of nickel catching devices. Mr. Benton is the worthy citizen of Providence who makes all the highly finished workof Frovidence who makes all the highly finished working models which one sees so frequently in gorgeously
furnished—well, in gorgeously furnished hotel offices,
surmounted by a placard directing the curious to
drop in a nickel and "shee wheels go 'wound." The
other morning this ingenious Yankee ast back in a
down town office and related the wonders or his
models to an admiring circle, of which the philoso-

pher and the scribe formed a part.
"I've just been around collecting." said the old gentleman, "an' I'm tired carting the nickels about.
That there machine I've got up to the Eden Musee has
been there three months and took in nigh on to \$400.
All the musees are wild after 'em. It don't make no difference what they are, whether they are Corliss engines, steamships, windmills or world's expositions. So long as the wheels go round and the music plays when you drop in the nickel, the public is ready willin' to put up the nickel."

"Aren't these patent weighing machines crowding you out!" asked the philosopher.

"Crowdin' me out!" repeated the inventor with a pitying inflection and a scornful wave of the hand.

"One o' them weighin' machines is doin' well if it takes in \$5 a week, while my models will rus from \$50 to \$70 in a good place, an' the average of all I have out is about \$27 a week."

It was this startling fact that led the philosopher to

moralize on the desire of mankind to be amused rather than instructed as to the correct weight of the human body.

"What doyou pay for the privilege of exhibiting

your models l" asked a listener. s"
"Nuthin' at all." was the explicit answer. "Too
many folks are willin' to give me space on those
terms for me to listen to anythin' higher. These folks
up at Ye Olde Londone Streete wanted me to come up and see em.
"'What commission do you allow?' they asked.

up and set em.

"What commission do you allow? they asked.

"What do you expect? said.

"Good morain, said I, an' they've been writin' me twice a week since then to come up again. Why, the Sea Beach Paluce people down at Coney Island have given me a space 8x20 feet right in the middle of the buildin' at a nomma! reat of \$20 for the season. What do the models cost? Well, from \$500 to \$1,500 apiece, an' they'll pay for themselves in a year, as you can see. Sometimes a steamonat company will buy a lot of models of their newest steamer and put 'em out for advertisements. That way they get the advertising an' the nickels too. Most of 'em I own an' run myself, though there's more money in it that way. I've been gettin' letters from Europe lately. They want some over there."

"What's the most elaborate model you have?" asked the philosopher.

"What I call the Industrial Exhibition is about the biggest one gon?. In the middle is a windmill with sails that open an' shet like the real article. Then there's a buzz-saw, an upright drill, a sewin' machine and a dynamo. The dynamo is the genooine article and runs a current to a Sirus-Edison tor; edo doain' in a pond. When a nickel is put in the box the windmill clacks, the saw buzzes, the drill bores, the sewin' machine clicks and the torpedo goes scootin' round the pond.

"Wait till fall, though, when I bring out my country seat. That's gon' to be a masterpiece. There's the moss-covered bucket a hangtin' in the well, a pretty gal standin' in the porch, a cow standin' mider a shed and a canary bird sittin' on the fence. When you start things up the gal waves her handker-their, the moss-covered bucket gees up an' down with a refreshin' kerchug, the cow chews her cut an' blinks her eyes, an' the cauary sings just like the real thing, you couldn't tell the difference; and all for the small sum of 5 cents, get your change at the bar."

Mr. Benton is evidently getting rich tast on the hard-earned nickels of his mechanical slaves that toll on whether he is asleep or awake. If he b

of such nature that there seems to be no doubt that the City of Churches is leading New-York in spring

A plous Brooklynite is the here of the story. Pearson, at the opening of the Diocesan Convention. Pearson denounced as blasphemous the doctrine of the Real Presence as commonly held by extreme ritualists. A few years ago this would have excited no A plous Brooklynite is the here of the story. comment; but the high churchmen are now so strong in the Episcopal Church that they seel able to resent sat behind him, he went up to the altar to partici-

modestly withdrew.
Unfortunately we are not informed what were the Sunday, has had ten pastors altogether, the present one being the Rev. Michael Burnham. It has had tour houses of worship, built on almost the same spot.

thoughts or remarks of the pious Brooklynite when he returned and discovered the circumstance. Rumor is not explicit on this point. It is safe, however. thoughts or remarks of the pious Brooklynite when During the last week the sixty-second annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association was held in Boston. The annual report shows that Unitarianism between the third that at the conclusion of the services he borrowed the sexton's last year's straw hat kept at the church to wear in sifting ashes, and hastened him to the seclusion of his home.

In these days of ingenuity in wickedness Brooklyn has avoided chestnut crimes and originated something novel and peculiarly exasperating. This reminds one, however, of a recent New-York incident, though it should be understood that New-

or, Resolved, That two dollars deposited each week in a building association pays better as an investment than any sums risked in gambling schemes,—(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.



A Grizzly Bear

IS THE MOST HIDEOUS OF HIS IS THE MOST HIDEOUS OF HIS SPECIES, GRIZZLY GRAY HAIR AND BEARD ARE ALSO UGLY. AND THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR WEARING IT SINCE A SIMPLE PREPARATION IS MADE, AS HARMLESS AND CLEAN AS BAY RUM, HAS BEEN DISCOVEREDTRAT WILL RESTORE IT TO ITS NATURAL COLOR LIGHT OR

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